

Sleeping Giant

The Bombay Royale

Brooks: Let me see, when you talk when you talk into that

Little Girl: Uh huh?

Brooks: That thing right there

Little Girl: Um hmm.

Brooks: It makes your voice come out

Little Girl: Ohh.

Brooks: They can hear it in there

Little Girl: A Ohhh!

Brooks: Hee Hee Hee Hee

Little Girl: (Laughs)

Killa Mike: You are now witnessing the collaborative effort of Buford Highway's finest; Brooks Buford. My main man, Warner Robbins own Danny Boone. And me, I'm Killa kill from Atlasville, better known as Killa

Mike. Ha ha. This's how we bring it. Heard?

I'm wild up in school, act a fool

it's over, I hate you Brooks, you suck. Cool

my DJs name Detail he's neat

your ass get beat all down the street

if you can't move to this then you ain't got feet

Ain't nobody that can pull it the way that I be bringin' it raw

stingin' it, singin' and rippin' your jaw

and bustin' rhymes all of the time follow the leader

be the MC if you ever try to get with the B-double O-N-E, uh

You talk about it, say what

the way we live it, yeah

you walk around it, say what

'cause Rehab give it, yeah

we're in the sky, say what

a mile high, yeah

flying the winds like a falcon and you ain't that fly

don't sing it bring it, don't front it run it

and don't be scared this is just what you wanted

and you have all woke up the giant

his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'

Yeah, I'm rollin' through the halls, one word...balls

I'm handling business, power lunches, conference calls

pulled up on the go-ped, sittin' on chrome three's

I smell disease, knockin' out MCs

my rhymes be jumpin' out bushes and trees

Hey, how in the hell are you doing out there in radio land?

this is Danny Boone many moons ago I started rippin' the microphone
and been doin' it ever since makin' mince meat of MCs that can't get with this

don't cross fence

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One two, one two...it's murder

I'm thirteen, smokin' green

in a stolen Chevelle with the gangsta lean

dippin through the swas, cook jelly beans

crunk enough to be on methanphedemines

got a girl, sixteen, I'm court teens

so fresh so clean in my creased jeans

silk shirt, three finger ring gleeming

with a fifth of Jim Beam, I'm an A-town king

Hey, you just a hop, skip and a jump

from gettin' dropped in a d'empty dumpster

punk, you can not even handle the truth

so I bring it to you 'cause I know you have nothing to bring at me

I, I, I...

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his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'
Little Girl: All good. Goodbye.

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